

THE Englishman's Boy,

Fickle Shepherdes: K

As it is ACTED

IN THE

NEW THEATRE

IN

Lincolns-Inn Fields.

BY

Three Male and Servants.

5th Acts Play'd all by Women.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Author, and Sold by William Turner,
at the Angel at Lincolns-Inn Back Gate; William
Davis at the Black Bull in Cornhill, and John Nott
near Stationers-Hall. Price One Shilling, 1703.

1881

As a result of the

NEW THEATRE

100-2010-100

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Her Majesty's



Woven by all hands

London

and sold by Wm. H. ...
... at ...
... at the Black Ball in ... and John ...

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE
Lady GOWER.

Madam,

O Et have I gaz'd with pleasure on your
Beauty, where every Grace conspires to
form Perfection, nor can I longer stifle
my Admiration; Poets may well be said to be in-
spired, when such a lovely Theme employs their
Thoughts; a Lady born of an Illustrious House,
adorn'd with all those Virtues which become the
Great; a glorious Pattern, for filial Faith; a
charming Mother to a lovely blooming Race, who
Crown her much lov'd Lord with endless Bles-
sings.

Forgive the presumptuous Daring of a Pen un-
able to Paint your Worth; I have this to incou-
rage my Ambition, that I have had the Honour
to be several Times graciously receiv'd by your No-

EPILOGUE

Writ by Mr. Burnaby, and Spoke by Mrs. Barry.

N One but a Clown in so refin'd an Age,
With rustick Tales your Pleasure wou'd ingage,
Those Times must needs be charming as they're Old,
When Men were constant, and their Women cold!
When Innocence and Sheep fine Ladies knew!
And Nymphs broke Gold to keep their Lovers true;
No Stile for Gallantry, but Man! and Wife!
Each kept his Turtle Sweet-heart all his Life!
No kind Divorce to smoothe the Marriage Bed,
Nor ready slave the Wanderer to wed,
And plant the Horns full grown upon his Head.
Who'd think, that did our nicer Pleasures Trade,
We ever sprung from that unpollish'd Race!
These Scenes display Mankind before the Fall!
And Nature in its rude Original!
While at my Feet Two Rival Shepherds burn,
I'm made so dull, you see, to raise but One.
A Modern Damsel had with more Address,
Manag'd her Pity for their kind Distress,
With boundless Bounty had observ'd their Truth,
And found a Means to satisfy them both!
Yet I am pleas'd to find in Times so rude,
Some Cunning still was to our Sex allow'd!
So well I play'd my Womans Part, each Swain
Had Cause to think he was the happy Man,
Tho' Niggard Custome led to One the Way,
Yet Nature knew to keep 'em Both in Play!
A little Time had so improv'd my Skill,
That Damon had not took my Marriage Ill.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Clorinda, a Fickle Shepherdess— <i>Amintas</i>, a Mad Shepherd in love with <i>Urania</i>— <i>Damon</i> { Two Rivals in Love <i>Alexis</i> { with <i>Clorinda</i> <i>Menechas</i> Father to <i>Clorinda</i>— <i>Adrastus</i>, High Priest of <i>Ceres</i>, Father to <i>Damon</i> and <i>Urania</i>— <i>Amaryllis</i> in Love with <i>Damon</i>— <i>Urania</i> in Love with <i>Amintas</i>— <i>Flavia</i>, an Old Nymph, Sister to <i>Claius</i>-- <i>Claius</i>, Father to <i>Amintas</i> and <i>Amaryllis</i> - A Shepherd— <i>Dorylas</i>, a Waggish Boy—	M. Barry. } Mrs. Bracegirdle. } Mrs. Bowman. } Mrs. Prince. Mrs. Willis. } Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Alison. Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Lawson. Miss Parsons. The little Boy.
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A C T.

1909

[The page contains faint, illegible markings and bleed-through from the reverse side.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Clorinda with several Garlands before her, and
Flavia behind her.*

Clo. **W**ELL, I protest, I think *Damons* is the prettiest — See how the Violet, the Pink, and Daffadill are mix'd! and how they strive in Beauty to outvy each other! — But when I behold *Alexis* Garland, the Maiden Lilly, and the Blushing Rose, the Gaudy Tulips, and the new blown Jessimin, there my Eye is fix'd.

Fla. **W**avering Nymph, you'll ne'er determin 'twixt these two Swains; Is it possible you can love them both?

Clo. Love them both *Flavia*! — No, fond Girl, I neither Love — 'Tis my ambition to be the Pride and Glory of the Plains; to have the amorous Shepherds Court me still, and offer up their Hearts which I despise: — Fickle in my Nature — Constant in my Charms — Courtied by all the Swains, and Envied by the Rural Maids.

C

Fla.

Fla. Which Garland will you wear to day?

Clo. Neither of these——they are withered all by *Ceres*;
I think they have lost their Colour.

Fla. Just now you thought them fresh and fair.

Clo. Ridiculous; Did'st thou ever know me think the same thing twice? Take them away. Let me see what Encomiums in my praise to day——A Sonnet by *Sephalis*—Pugh, he ne'er writ any thing worth Reading.——Who is this from——*Coridon*——Aye, his Stile is easie enough; let me see, what has he said? [Reads.]

Clorinda Empress of the Groves,
Fair and soft as *Venus* Doves,
And Gay as all her sporting Loves:
Yet still delights to Tyranize:
To none will yield the glorious Prize,
But *Daphna* like from all pursuers flies.

Pretty enough—but too short—I'll add three Lines.

Fla. What, write Verses on your self *Madam*!

Clo. On my self! Aye. Canst thou find me a better Subject?
Humph——aye, that will do.

Love in her Eyes triumphant Reigns,
She wounds, but feels her self no pains;
And Laughs when all the Youth complains.

How do you like it *Flavia*?

Fla. Very well, *Madam*.——But what will *Coridon* say—when he hears the Addition!

Clo. Say——why he'll grow vain,——and Fifty more grow Jealous.

Enter

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. News, *Madam*, that will Ravish you.

Clo. How ! Ravish me ? If it be so desperate prithee conceal it.

Dor. So I will.

Clo. Co you little Fool —— you may tell it tho'.

Dor. No, 'tis desperate, I dare not.

Clo. Come, come, don't trifle, I must know it.

Dor. Well, *Madam*, since you desire it, I will tell you then.

Clo. Nay, no matter whether you do or no.

Dor. What pretty Whether-cocks —— these Women are --- I serve a Shepherdess fit to be made a Planet, she'll wax and warm twice in a minute.

Clo. Go, you are an idle Boy --- but good *Dorylas* your News.

Dor. The Rivals on whom that powerful Face does play the Tyrant,

Clo. What of them ?

Dor. The Amourous couple whom *Cupid* has link'd together, your brace of Lovers, desire audience.

Clo. Is this all your News ? You might have kept it to your self.

Dor. Now you know it I might have conceal'd it, I thank thee Nature that I am like to be a Man, for I want Wit enough to make up Woman. But good *Madam*, what do you think of *Damon* ?

Clo. As a Man worthy of the best of Nymphs.

Dor. And what of *Alexis* ?

Clo. He deserves the fairest Virgin in *Cicilia*.

Dor. Do, gentle Mistress, do, tell me which you Love.

Clo. You little Prattler, why must you be satisfied? —
Damon best of any.

Dor. So, that's very plain.

Clo. Except *Alexis*.

Dor. Then you Love *Alexis* best, I'm glad on't.

Clo. Why, my Boy, what has he done to merit more than
Damon?

Dor. Because he gives me early Cherries, and just Fledg'd
 Birds from out the Nests, that are above my reach.

Clo. Oh wondrous Reason — but suppose I love
 neither.

Fla. Then tell them so: or else choose one. Why do you
 torture them both with equal wracks? If your Love prefers
Damon, tell poor *Alexis* of it; nor let vain hope kindle desire
 in both.

Clo. Thou know'st how through all *Sicilia*, from greatest
 Shepherds to the meaghest Swains, what un auspicious Torch-
 es *Hymen* lights; naught but Fears, Jars, Suspitions, Jealon-
 lies, and Cares molest the Vital Joys these many years, and
 not one Blessing Crowns the genial Bed — Till *Ceres* is
 appeased, I'll hide my flames, dissemble all my fires.

Dor. Dissemble, ay, that they say every Woman can.

~~Shall I admit them?~~

Clo. If you will — No, stay, come back again.

Dor. Nay, indeed I will go.

Clo. Why *Dorylas*:

Dor. Madam?

Clo. Come back I say.

Dor. Yes, to be sent again.

I'm gone, for at length I have learnt to know,
 You call me back, only to bid me go. [Exit.]

Fla. Oh! *Clorinda*, before your Lovers enter, hear my Pe-
 tition; I have a suit from a distressed one — If there be
 Art in words, that with persuasive Magick can command a
 pity

pity in your Heart, I wish my Tongue had learnt that power.

Clo. Think'st thou that Wolves and Tigers Nurs'd me? I have a Heart gentle as our Lambs, soft and melting, What is the cause you'd mourn I am no kin to Flint and Marble.

Fla. If you are *Clorinda*, the Tears of her whose Orator I come, have power to soften it.

Clo. Of her?—What is it a Female cause? I expected a new Servant—Who is it?

Fla. Beautious *Amarilis*: She in the unfortunate time of Ceres Rage, plac'd her Affection on a scornful Shepherd,—one that disdains her Love.

Clo. Disdains her Love?—I tell thee *Flavia*, that even I think *Amarilis* fair, and that the proudest Shepherd on the Sicilian Plains might gladly Wed her—But how can I serve this injur'd Nymph?

Fla. This she implores, you'd not choose *Damon*: 'Tis *Damon* that repays her Love with Scorn; 'tis a Request, she says, she fears to make, yet if you do not grant it, she shall not live to ask again.

Clo. I should be loath to injure her—but prethee *Flavia* press me not to tell my secret thoughts—ha! my Father—haste *Flavia* and stop their entrance; for in this Age of Ceres wrath, he watches me as close, as did the Dragon the *Hesperian* Fruit.

[Exit *Elavia*.]

Enter

Enter Menalcha.

Men. He that is a Woman-keeper, shou'd have Eyes a Hundred more than *Argus*, and his Ears double the Number——Well, what News, what Letters, Garlands, Rings, or Bracelets Woes to day?—What Grove to Night is conscious of your Whispers? Come tell me, let me know it.

Clo. Why does my Father fear? I do not Love by *Diana's* Bow; I have not made my Choice.—But suppose I were in Love, what then?—

Men. I wou'd not have it yet my Girl, till Love proves happier, till wretched *Claius* has satisfied the Gods.—

Clo. Why *Claius*, Father?

Men. Hast thou not heard the story?

Clo. Never perfectly.

Men. Thou know'st *Adrastus*?

Clo. The High Priest of *Ceres*?

Men. The same: He had a Son nam'd *Melibæus*, who was the Joy and Comfort of his Father, his early hope, and might have still been so, had not fond Love undone him.

Clo. How did Love undo him!

Men. Thus—fair *Silvia*, a Beautious Nymph as ever Eye admired—*Alphefibus's* Daughter, was by her Father promised him in Marriage.

Clo. Hitherto his Love had good success.

Men.

Men. But only promis'd—for the Shepherd *Claius*, a Man accurs'd in our *Sicilian* Fields, Being Rich, obtain'd the lovely Maid from the despairing Youth,—who when he saw that *Claius* had possess'd her, he pin'd and died with Grief;—*Adrastus* Distracted for his only Son, does in his Rage apply himself to *Ceres*,—to *Ceres* the most Sacred of *Sicilian* Powers, and begs Revenge on *Silvia*, and all the Marriage State: *Ceres* consented to his Wish, and *Silvia* died, leaving behind her two Beautious Twins, Fair *Amarilla* and Mad *Amin-tas*; and still *Adrastus* pursu'd Revenge, and thus the God-de's spoke:

*Sicilian Swains Ill Luck shall long betide,
To every Bridegroom and to every Bride:
No Sacrifice, no Vows, shall still mine Ire,
'Till Claius Blood both quench and kindle Fire:*

Clo. Angry and intricate! What then becomes of *Claius*?

Men. Curs'd and Hated he is fled from our *Sicilian* Ground—Now *Clorinda* thou perceives my Care, and why my Steps so closely watch thy Actions.

Clo. I promise, Sir, never to Marry till the Goddess is appeased.

Men. Well said my Daughter—and *Ceres* bless thee for't.

Clo. But what my Father meant the Oracle, about *Adrastus* Daughter, the fair *Urania*!

Men. The Gods, my *Clorinda*, are always Just; and tho' they punish'd as he ask'd, yet not approving his Revengeful Wish, they have Curs'd his Daughter with an impossible Dowry. The words are these:

That

—That which thou hast not, mayst not, canst not have,
Amintas is the Dowry that I crave.
 Rest hopeless in thy Love, or else Divine
 To give Urania this; and she is thine.

Which while the poor *Amintas* strove to interpret, he lost
 his Wits. Take heed of Love, *Clorinda*. — Come, my Daugh-
 ter, let us to our Flocks. [Exit.]

Clo. I'll but make a Garland for my Kid, and follow you—
 —What a sad tale of Love has here been!—in my Con-
 science, I'm as dull as a Rainy Day—*Dorylas*, where are
 you?

Enter *Dorylas*.

Dor. Here, *Madam*, and all the Nymphs and Swains are
 come to pay their Morning Sacrifices, and Pipe and Dance
 before *Clorinda*.

Enter *Damon* and *Alexis*, Nymphs and Shepherds,
 and Dance.

Manet *Damon*, *Alexis*, *Clorinda* and *Dorylas*.

Clo. So, here's my constant Attendance,—now, for my
 Equivocating temper—How now bold Intruders, how dare
 you stay when all the rest are gone?

Dam. Cruel *Clorinda*, let pity pierce thy Snowy Breast,
 and find a passage to thy Heart.

Dorill. Well said *Damon*!—now for *Alexis*.

Alex.

Alex. Clorinda, whose Name, like a Rich Cordial, cheers my drooping Soul; who is in her Nature harmless as her Kids, and in her Form bright as the Evening Star, thus low we kneel, to implore, what known, to one of us proves fatal.

Dam. Say Charming Maid which is the happy Man; the Wretch refused will die, ——— and ne'er offend you more.

Clo. Since you are grown so Impatient, and won't be answer'd with modest silence, know—

Dor. Aye now—now we shall know.

Clo. I wish you happy.

Alex. Me, *Clorinda*!

Clo. Yes, more—I wish I were thy Wife.

Dam. Oh! most unfortunate.

Alex. Oh! Excess of Joy!

Clo. And, *Damon*, what dost thou think I wish thee?

Dam. What you have made me; Miserable.

Clo. That thou wert my Husband.

Dam. Oh! Happiness.

Dor. Ha, ha, the old trick again.

[*Aside.*

Alex. Still more perplex'd:—what then am I?—

Clo. My Head, *Alexis*.

Dam. What I?

Clo. My Heart.—You my Right hand,—you my Left.—

*Tis hard to say which Youth I most desire,

Damon's my flame, *Alexis* is my fire:

Neither Swain I can resolve to lose;

When equal Merit meets—what Nymph can choose?

[*Exit.*

Dor.

Dor. There's another Riddle for you; your Servant Gentlemen. [Exit.]

Alex. Damon, desist thy Suit; thou heard'st her wish she were my Wife.

Dam. To me she gave the greater Title—the Husband—I am her Flame.

Alex. But I the solid Fire.—She still conceals her purpose; With doubtful words she masks her secret thoughts.

Dam. Once more we'll urge her Answer; which if she continues to deny, our Spears must end the long dispute, and leave but one that can be happy.

Alex. Till then agreed. [Exit Alex.]

Enter Amarillis.

Dam. Ha—*Amarillis* here! I had had rather meet a Lyon in my Fold, or a Tyger in pursuit of Prey—for the more she Loves, the more my Hate encreases.

Amar. Stay cruel *Damon*, fly me not, for thee I've left my tender Lambs, nor care I if they stray;—Now uncontroul'd the Ravenous Wolf may feast his hungry Jaws; as *Damon Amarillis* leaves, careless of her moans, so she neglects her bleating Flocks.

Dam. Away fond Nymph, Love is not in my power, thy Charms are lost on me:—*Clorinda* does engross my Heart, and leaves no room for any other Flame.

Amar. Gentle *Damon* accept this witness of my Passion; 'tis the story of poor *Echo*, that for Love of her *Narcissus* pin'd into a Voice.

Dam.

Dam. Why shou'd I take it fair one, I only can bestow it at *Clorinda's* Feet.

Amar. Do so then;—for she that does possess thy Heart, deserves what *Amarillis* gives. Behold, in me, the Emblem of Dispair, no Garlands bind these Temples now, my loose dishelved Hair is sport for Winds, uncurl'd the poor neglected tresses hang, and all that see me, read in my looks, that I am by Love undone.

Dam. Away, detain me not—Flames shall descend, and stagnate Waters rise, the Lamb shall fearless with the Lyon play, all Nature be revers'd—e'er I in thought my constant Vows remove, or wish for any but *Clorinda's* Love.

[*Exit.*

Amar. Oh dismal Sentence—when will my Sorrows end?

[*Lies down.*

Enter Flavia.

Fla. How fares my *Amarillis*?

Amar. Like a Glimmering Tapers sickly Light, almost burnt out—now and then a little flash, but soon 'tis dark again: Oh! *Flavia*, I can not long subsist— for the vain labour of my fond pursuit, destroys my tender frame.

Fla. Sad *Urania*, like you, numbers the Hours with her Tears, for Mad *Amintas*—Oh! *Ceres*, dreadful Goddess, when will thy anger end?

Amar. On me the avenging Rod is heavy, *Amintas* Loves—did *Damon* so— Oh, with pleasure cou'd I bear the pain—it wou'd be extasie, the very thought rekindles Life and Joy.

Fla. *Amintas* Loves, 'tis true, and dear that Love has cost.

Mad as the Winds, he seeks each Grove and Plain,
Repeating still the words that turn'd his Brain :

That which thou hast not, may'st not, canst not have,
Amintas is the Dowry which I crave.

Do'st not think that lovely Maid has greater cause than thee, thus to be crost in the height of all her Wishes? Just in the prospect of approaching bliss, the Oracle their blooming hope destroys.—

Amar. In vain, kind Maid, thou wou'd'st sooth me with anothers Grief, or hope to alleviate mine. I pity her—but why do I pretend to pity, who dye for want of it my self? I prethee *Flavia* get me some Musick to lull my Cares asleep—and calm my Thoughts that drive me to distraction.

[Sits down.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

FIE Amarillis, cease to Grieve
 For him thou never canst retrieve :
 Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee ?
 Scorn the Wretch that Love denies thee ;
 Call Pride to thy aid,
 And be not afraid
 Of meeting a Swain that is kind,
 As handsome as he
 Perhaps he may be,
 At least a more generous mind.

Oh ! Cupid make him feel her Pain,
 Oh ! let him Sigh and Wish in vain ;
 Let him pursue the haughty Fair,
 And still meet nothing but despair ;
 And may he ne'er find
 A Nymph that is kind,
 Nor let his Passion meet return ;
 May he always believe,
 She always deceive,
 May he still in fruitless fires burn.

Amar. I did not ask thee for a Song like this; I can ne'er consent to Curse him: May he be ever Bless'd, whilst I employ my Melancholly hours in gathering the mournful Cypress, the baleful Yew, and the forsaken Willow: Of these I will misterious Chaplets weave; and all expressing sadness.

No.

No dawn of Comfort shall my thoughts employ,
 Banish'd for ever be that stranger Joy;
 Sorrow within my Breast her Court shall keep;
 And my full Eyes shall never leave to weep,
 Till *Ceres* pitying my incessant Moan,
 Turns me, like *Niobe*, to senseless Stone.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.

The Grove continues.

Adraftus and Urania.

Uran. OH! Sir, perswade me not to break my Vow, Angels Eloquence can never Force me from *Amintas*—'Tis rooted here so deep within my Heart, that who attempts to draw it forth, breaks the twisted Threads asunder.

Adraft. Fond *Urania*, is thy ungovern'd Passion grown to such a height that you can doat to this Degree upon the cursed Race of *Silvia*.

Uran. I have often heard you, your self, most Reverend Sir, declare the mighty Power of Love, he can unite the Wolf and Lamb, force the Lyon to forget his Majesty, and in amorous Daliance sport with the bounding Kid—And *Venus* Links in the same Carr, the ravenous Kite and milder Swan—and yokes the Necks of Eagles and peaceful Doves together—Whenever she Commands, all Things lose their Antipathy, even contrarities are joined—Shall I alone resist her Will? No, my *Amintas*, my Constant Faith shall shew I wo, not.

Adraft.

Adraft. Thy Love before had some Excuse, but now—
To Court Distraction, to follow one who has no Guide,
but Madness, shows a distempered Mind in thee *Urania*.

Uran. Shall I fly the Ill, of which I am the Fatal
Cause—Is he not Mad for me? Is it not for me the Curse
of *Ceres* is upon him? The only Comfort I have left, is with
my Tears, to watch his Starts of Frenzy, and think as wild-
ly as he talks:—And since the Oracle forbids our Nuptial-
Rites, we may at least have leave to wed our Griefs to-
gether.

Adraft. Heaven knows I Pity thee—And if I durst, I'd
move again the Goddess, but thou knowest, throughout all
Sicily, we have no Echo since the dreadful Curse of *Ceres*
came: Echo, that wont of Old her gracious Answers to
Convey, and bless the Glad inquiring Priest; now from the
Altar nought but Groans and Thunders Issue, and Frights
the Pious Shepherds from the Temple.

Enter Amintas, Amarillis and Flavia.

Uran. See! See! The poor *Amintas* comes—Oh! *Ceres*,
hear a wretched Virgins Prayer, Calm his Sick Mind, and
Cure my sad Dispair.

Adraft. This Object strikes my aking Sight, and now I
wish I had buried my Revenge in *Melebeus* Grave; I'll to the
Altar and beg for Mercy, and implore Great *Ceres* quickly
to send the impious *Claius* to my Hand, that his Blood may
satisfie her Ire.

[*Ex.*]

Amint.

Amint. That which I have not, may not, cannot have ;
it is the Moon—Ay, 'tis the Moon—*Urania*, thou shalt wear
the horned Goddess at thy beautiful Ear. Where are my
Slaves—Hast, bring me the airy *Pegasus* ; I'll mount him
straight, and Spur him to the Orb.

Fla. Have Patience gentle Youth.

Uran. Dear *Amintas*——

Amint. What says my *Citherea*, would'st thou eat a Golden Apple? If thou wilt, by *Venus* I'll rob the *Hesperian* Orchard.

Amar. Try to rest a While, my Brother.

Amint. Art thou my Sister *Helen*? What were we hatch'd in the same Egg-shell—Bid *Charon* instantly prepare his Boat, I'd row to Hell.

Uran. To Hell my dear *Amintas*.

Amint. Ay, to borrow Money.

Uran. Borrow there——

Amint. There, ay, there is the only Place—Hark ye, I'll tell you, there is more Usurers in Hell than in all the World beside!—Hark, the Winds rises, Puff, Puff, Boreas!—What a Gust was there! See what a Cloud comes yonder!—Take heed of that Wave *Charon*—Ha, give me the Oars—We sink! We sink! The Boat is overturned—Ha, ha, ha, *Charon's* drown'd—But I'll swim to Shoar. [*Fals.*

Flavia. Oh! Help the poor *Amintas*.

Uran. Oh! *Ceres*, can thy All-seeing Eye behold this Object, and yet restrain thy Pity.

E

Amar-

Amar. Sure there's not a Nymph on the *Sicilian* Plains
curst like *Amaryllis*; wer't not enough, thou dreadful
Goddeſs, to make me bear the Wrecks of a neglected
Love—But as if the heavenly Senate all decreed my Punish-
ment, my Father to an eternal Exile doom'd, and my poor
Brother rob'd of all his Senses.

Uran. Let me, *Flavia*, relieve thy Cares, and reſt my
dear *Amintas*. [Sits down by him.]

Amintas. Who calls *Amintas*—Beautious *Proſerpine*, 'tis
ſhe—(riſes)—Fair Empreſs of the *Elizian* Shades—*Ceres's*
bright Daughter, interceed for me, perſuade thy Mother to
leave talking Riddles, won't thou?

Uran. How ſhall I apply my ſelf to his wild Paſſion!

Amar. Seem what he conceives you.

Amint. Thou ſupream Goddeſs of Eternal Night, beg of
immortal *Ceres* that I may wed *Urania*.

Uran. 'Tis my Prayers, and ſhall be ever.

Amint. Let me Seal your Promiſe on this beautious Hand—
Ha! *Pluto* is jealous, and ſee *Urania* mounts above,
ſtarts up

The Mad Song Sung by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Haſt, give me Wings and let me fly,
That I may mount the ſtarry Sky,
And there, of all the Gods enquire
How I may ſquench my fierce Deſire:
See where the charming Nymph does lie,
Oh! Give her to me, or I die.
I'll mount above and Reſcue my Sir,
And I'll tumble the Tyrant down.

He shall not dare to Embrace my Fair,
 Tho' grac'd with th' Imperial Crown.
 See! See! Neptune with his watry Train,
 Come, come, ye Tritons, come all all around,
 Come Plunge me in the watery Main,
 And all my Flames confound.

Enter Clorinda and Dorylas.

Clor. Ah, Poor *Amintas*!

Uran. Forgive us fair *Clorinda*, for we must follow him.

[*Ex. Uran. Amar. and Flavia.*

Clor. Do, and may your pious Care restore him; what was it, how was't saying, my little Impertinent?

Dor. I told you, Madam, *Alexis* was to wait on you.

Clor. And not *Damon*?

Dor. Yes, both.

Clor. Both! One had been too many — Was ever Nymph perplex'd as I am? Ye sawcy Boy, you'll never learn my Humour.

Dor. And yet I watch the Weather-cock every Moment, Methinks I'd fain have you chuse. [*Aside.*

Clor. You'd fain have me chuse; little Boys should square their Wishes to their Ladies likings; you'll never thrive, my Lad, if you learn to contradict.

Dor. Who, I contradict — Indeed, indeed Madam, tho' all the Swains commended *Florimell*, because you said she was not handsome — The next Time I saw her, methought she was so ugly she frighted me.

Clor. Go you little Flatterer.

Dor. *Damon* and *Alexis* Madam — I'll withdraw, and watch your Father, and Study to oblige my gentle Mistress.

Enter Damon and Alexis.

Dam. Once more *Clorinda* we appear before you; determine thou fair Mistress of our Hearts, and let thy Tongue declare thy Choice; for whilst you hold us thus in Expectation, you play the Tyrant equally on him you hate, as much as him you love.

Clor. Thou *Damon*, art the glory of all the Woods, and thou *Alexis*, the Pride of all the Plains.

Alex. Thus your ambitious Words still delude us on.

Dam. Give us some Sign which you intend for Happiness.

Clor. I will.

[*Takes Damon's Garland and wears it on her own Head, and puts her own on Alexis.*

Clor. *Damon*, as I value thee, so I Vow

To wear this Garland that adorn'd thy Brow;

This wreath of Flowers, *Alexis*, which were mine,

Because thou lov'st me, truly shall be thine.

Dam. Oh! happy *Damon*! *See* thy Garland wears,

That holds thy Heart chain'd in her lovely Hairs.

Alexis. I doubly blest, this Garland once did twine

About her Head, that now Embraces mine.

Dam. Our Disputes are endless — we still are in a Labyrinth; our Darts must point the Way that one must go, since fair *Clorinda* does refuse our Sentence.

Alex. Follow me to the Foot of yonder Hill, and in the Cypress Vale we'll end the Strife, and there *Clorinda* shall have left no Choice.

Clor.

Clor. Oh stay — I command you, stay — what shall I do, I must not suffer them to Fight, nor must my Soul declare. *[Aside.*

Alex. Resolve, fair Maid — or we'll resolve.

Clor. Cruel *Alexis* — Say which of you would see on either Hand a ravenous Wolf, one snatching from his Ewe a tender Lamb, the other watching for a Gentle Kid, that could resolve which to Succour first? — he sees his Kid half in the Jaws of Death — viewing his Lamb in greater Danger, runs to that again, as doubtful which to lose, and fain wou'd save them both, so fares it now with me. No Stratagem to bring me off, and to secure their Safety. *[Aside.*

Enter Dorylas

Dor. Ah! Mistress, look on me, see how your poor *Dorilas* has been used.

Clor. Why, what's the Matter?

Dor. You talk of Love and Cupids, I have been stung with Thousand Cupids.

Dam. The meaning of this Riddle.

Dor. I have been amongst a Swarm of fair *Clorindas* Bees.

Clor. The purest Wax give *Damon*, gentle Boy, and the Honey to *Alexis*.

Dor. Now will the Honey and the Wax fall together by the Ears. *[Aside.*

Dam. This plain Sign confirms her grant.

She gave me Wax to seal the Covenant.

Dor. Well argu'd for the Wax, now for the Honey. *[Aside.*

Alex. To me she gave the Honey, that must be The sweetest — and the sweetest sweet is she.

Dor. Aye! the Honey is the sweetest that's certain. *[Aside.*

Dam.

Dam. I see *Alexis*, all *Clorindas* Bees serve but to Sting us both.

Dor. What is the Matter gentle Swains, is your Dispute not ended?

Alex. No, but it will be soon, come *Damon*.

Dam. *Alexis*, come.

[going.]

Clor. Hold Shepherds, I have sworn never to disclose, which it's the best I Love—but that first Nymph, as soon as *Titan* guilds the Eastern Mountains, and Chiriping Birds the Monitors of Day, ring in our Ears a Warning to Devotion, so that ever blessed Damsel, whose'er she be, shall be the Goddess, to appoint my Love; to say, *Clorinda*, this shall be your Choice; and both shall swear to rest by her award.

Both. By fair *Clorindas* Hand we swear.

Clor. Till then be Friends:

Both. Till then we will.

Clor. So once more I have made up the Quarrel.

Dor. Only to fall out again, to morrow Morning I suppose.

[Aside.]

Enter *Amarillis*, *Urania* and *Flavia*.

Uran. Whether would'st thou fair *Amaryllis*?

Amar. Stay me not *Urania*.

Dor. More Cupids, more Bees, more stinging yet.

Amar. Away ye useless Tresses——thus I'll tear you off, again I have met him, and again I am scorn'd, weak Chains—my Pride presum'd you had Power to fetter Heroes, and in amorous Bonds lead any Shepherd Captive.

Uran. Dear *Amaryllis*——

Amar.

Amar. But *Damon* breaks thee like a Spiders Loom, and thou poor Face that wer't so oft bely'd for Fair and Beautious by my flattering Glafs——I'll tear these Crimson Roses from thy Cheeks, pull out these Eyes that have no Power to move, dash this burning Frame to Atoms, and scatter Love around.

[Struggles, they hold her.]

Clo. What means my *Amaryllis*.

Amar. Since *Damon* hates my Life, I'll try to please even in my Death—This Dart I'll give him on my bended Knees, and beg of him a Fate most welcome.

Clo. Live rather, and despise his Love, scorn this Disdain of I was born.

Amar. I should wrong *Clorinda*. No, no, possess him; the Treasure of the Earth, my latest Words shall be my Prayers for you, mild *Urania*, Sister in Blood to *Damon*, not in Affection. Nymph, take this Pipe, it was a Tritons onces, with which I call'd my Lambkins when they strayed, 'tis the last Gift of *Amaryllis*.

Uran. Live, happy Shepherdess, and use it still.

Amar. To you *Clorinda*, unmolested, I bequeath my *Damon*.

Clo. Tho' you give me what was mine before: come a-morous Maid, be ruled by me, call in thy raging Grieffs, this Night we'll Sleep together.

Dor. There will be Fine-dreaming.

[aside.]

Clo. A happy Night to Fair *Urania*.

Uran. The like to her that pities the distress'd *Amaryllis*.

[Ex. *Clo.* and *Amar.*]

I have no Power to Sleep whilst my *Amintas* wakes—Come my Dear *Flavia*, let us sit down upon this Bed of Flowers, I heard *Amintas* Voice within the Grove; here we'll watch his Evening Walk, Mad as he is, my Eyes Delight to View him—Thou *Flavia* ever pitiest the Distress'd, Do I not trespass much upon thy gentle Nature..

Flavia.

Fla. Why does *Urania* doubt her *Flavia*? Be Witness, *Ceres*, the highth of my Ambition has been to serve the miserable, still to attend and sooth their Cares.

[*They sit down*

Enter Claius.

Clai. I see the Smoak steam from the Cotage Top, the fearful Housewiferakes the Embers up, all hush'd to Bed, — Silence best suits my Woe. Oh! thou peaceful Vale, I the wretched *Claius* Salute thy happy Soil; I that have lived condemned by *Ceres* Curse, in a Place as horrid as my Grievs, in the *Lybian* Mountains, these Sixteen Frozen Winters — press'd by hard Famine and Dispair, I wou'd at once have put an end to Misery, by Plunging from a bending Rock into the Ambient Sea, had not some sacred Power restrained me — by an Old Shepherd I receiv'd the News, that my *Amintas* Wits were lost — streight to the Sun I made my Prayers: Oh! *Phæbus*, if there be Sovereign Power, in juice of Herbs, and that the teeming Earth yields Medicinal Flowers to Cure all Maladies, grant me the Knowledge of the healing Art, that I may help my wretched Son. The God was pleas'd to hear my Prayers — I have a Recipe wou'd put *Orestes* in his Wits again — ha! who sits there? ho, 'tis *Flavia*, on whose Bosom leans a beautious Nymph to me unknown; I am so alter'd by my Curs'd Misfortunes, that sure *Flavia* can't remember me. The Oracle desires my Blood for Sacrifice, and old *Adrastus*, with inveterate Hate, still seeks it, yet I will venture All to save my Son.

Enter Amintas with a Horn in his Hand and a Shepherd.

[*A Horn within.*
Amint.

Amint. A sharp Scent, and quick, so ho, ho, ho, so ho, Ringwood, Jolar, Whitefoot, So ho, so ho.

Shep. So, I shall be the whole Kennel of Dogs anon.

Amint. *Juno, Vulcan, Venus*, so ho, ho, ho, so ho, ho, ho.

Shep. What Heavenly Puppy am I!

Uran. Is it not time for dear *Aminas* now to think of Rest.

Amint. So ho, *Vertue, Vertue, Vertue*, so ho.

Shep. Humph, is *Vertue* a Dog too? Wou'd I were hang'd if I'll have any of it for that Trick.

Amint. What! Dost not scent it yet? Close, close, you Dog. By *Pan* the Cur hunts Counter. (*beats the Shepherd.*)

Shep. Oh, good Master.

Amint. So, now he has got it again — You Mungril, will you never start me this Oralse?

Shep. Start an Oracle! Oh *Cupid*! start it who will for me, I'll not start it.

Uran. Still on the Oracle his Mind does run. O faithful Swain?

Shep. Why an Oracle is no Hair, Sir.

Amint. You lie, it is—and scuds away so swift, we cannot reach it.—Unkennel it, I say.

Shep. Unkennel it!

Amint. Ay, 'Tis a Fox—a cunning crafty Fox: No body knows which way to find him. Spring it, I say.

Shep. Sir, I say, I can neither start, unkennel, nor spring, and had rather be asleep than hunting Oracles.

Cla. Oh, my unhappy Son! I'll speak to him: A hunting, Sir, so late.

Amint. Didst ever see a finer Hound, old Shepherd? I think the World can't afford his Equal!

Uran. Courteous Stranger, humour his Distraction, and perswade him home.

Cl. I'll do my best to serve you,—What Breed is he of?

Amint. True *Spartan*, I'll assure you.

Shep. Why sure they'll not perswade me into a Dog. Why, Sir, I say am no Dog.

Amint. 'Tis false, thou art, and of *Atheon's* Breed.

Cl. How descended?

Amint. As thus—*Melampus* was the Sire of *Letaps*, *Letaps* to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas* to swift *Nobrophonos*, he to the quick-nos'd *Hellas*, thence to *Oribasus*, so on to *Sinon Phaleris*, and *Venus* the Dam of this Cur.

Shep. So then, *Oribasus* was my Great-Grand-Father. though I be a Dog, I come of a good Family.

Amint. Hift, hift, hift. Here, fetch my Glove: This Spaniel will fetch and carry: run, run, run, run.

Shep. Ay, that I will, to bed, let who will look to the Madman. (Exit.)

Flav. Why gaze you thus?—You would not frolick with poor *Amintas's* Madnefs. 'T would ill beseem your Age to make our Griefs your Pastime.

Cl. Not I, by *Ceres*. Tears, you'll betray me: my Eyes are full of this most noble Shepherd. Who has not heard how he has chas'd the Boar; and how his Spear has torn the Wolves. On the Bark of every Tree, his Name is engraven.

graven. Now some baleful Planet rules, whose poisonous Influence turns that glorious Courage into Wildness. (Weeps.)

Amint. Tell me, Nymph, Why do's that old Man weep? Has the Oracle pronounc'd a Dowry for him to pay?

Uran. Compassion brought that Dew upon this Cheeks.

Amint. Ill kifs his Tears away. Come, let's put our Heads together, and we will expound the Oracle.

Cla. Say, kind Nymphs, how came he thus? What was the Cause of his Distraction?

Amint. Me, do you mean? I run mad after Poetry, and lost my Wits with making of Verses. Nine Women, you know, are enough to make any Man distracted.

Flav. Most Venerable Shepherd, 'twas Ceres ambiguous Answer made him thus, when she demanded such a Dowry. If she had ask'd our Flocks, our Kids, our Groves, our Lawns: If she had bid us quench the Flames of *Ætna* in *Arathusa's* Streams, it had been easie: But we fight with Words; we cannot construe this the Imperious Goddess spoke in Thunder.

That which thou hast not, may'st not, canst not have;
Amintas is the Dowry that I crave.

To find out her Commands, he lost himself.

Cla. Your Story is pitiful. It has been my careful study for these many Years, to find out healing Remedies for the distemper'd Brain.

Uran. Oh reverend Shepherd, use your utmost Skill:
Try every Art that Physick can afford; and in return,
accept our general Thanks, and whatsoe'er our Cottages
allow.

Amint. Ha! *Diana* there---Her naked Beauty's to
my view display'd. Hide me, least I meet *Aëon's*
Fate.

Flav. Here you are safe.

Cla. Gentle Virgins, let us try to charm him with
some Musick. Let but soft sleep seize his troubled Spi-
rits, and e're the grey-ey'd Morn arise, I'll put his Sense
in Tune.

Songs and Dances.

Uran. He sleeps: Bear him gently in.

Cla. Now great *Apollo*, grant me Herbs of Force,
To charm the Senses to their wonted Course.
Give me the Power his Reason to restore,
And make the Shepherd what he was before.

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT

A C T III.

The Holy Vale. The Prospect of the Temple of Ceres at a distance.

Enter Amintas and Claius.

Amint. **W**HAT Deity is this ! The Soul of *Phæbus* breaths in this powerful Man. Sure *Æsculapius* revisits Earth again ; and in this shape deals Health amongst us. I, who last Night scarce differ'd from the Brutes, am now restor'd. Oh tell me by what Relicks of Heavenly Fire have you inspired me with this better Soul of Reason. Worthy Sir, if you are some God, as less I cannot deem you, that pitting of my Miseries, came down from Heaven to cure me ; tell me, that I may with Sacrifice adore you.

Clai. I am, as you are, mortal : 'Tis my Skill in Physick, and Experience in the rare Vertue of Herbs that wrought this Miracle ; no Divinity or Power in me alone.

Amint.

Amint. Tho' you will not suffer me to adore you like a God, permit me to pay a Reverence as to a Father. (*Kneels.*)

Cla. Oh! those Words do touch me to the Soul.

Amint. For if he be a Father that begot this Flesh, this Clay, What's he to whom we owe the second Birth of Soul and Reason. Father! I must call you by the Name of Father.

Cla. Now the Flood-gates open, and the full stream of Tears break forth. Traytors, you will betray me. (*aside.*) Come then my Son, since you will have it so, let's enter *Ceres* sacred Temple; and there return our Thanks and Praise.

Amint. I go Sir. Methinks I long to see *Urania*: But Heaven must first be serv'd.

Cla. Yes, thou awful Goddess, I will enter, though there I shou'd be taken and made a Sacrifice: For whilst thus I spend my time in Darkness, my Life's a Burthen to me. In *Sicily* the Sun and I dare never be acquainted. Oh, angry Goddess! end here my Life or Woes. Hiss: I hear a Noise; some early Swains this way bend their Steps. Protect me *Ceres*.

(*Ex. into the Temple.*)

Enter Damon and Alexis.

Alex. How early, *Damon*, Lovers rise.

Damon. No Lark so soon, *Alexis*.

Alex. Whoe'er obtains *Clarinda*---wou'd watch and wake for ever for the Prize.

Dam. Which if I miss, my next sleep shall be Eternal.

Alex.

Alex. Oh, how I long to meet our Arbitress on whom our Happiness depends.

Dam. The first Virgin that moves to Ceres Temple?—

Alex. Yes, the first we meet is she. Not the least sound of Footsteps yet abroad! Devotion is not so early up as Love. Here let us place our selves, and watch their Entry. *(withdraw.)*

Enter Amarillis veild, with a Wax Taper in her Hand.

Am. *Clarinda* charg'd me, as I hop'd my Love's success, to be the first Maid that towards the Temple trod the Holy Vale. I cannot guess her meaning. I think I have obey'd her; for I have out-rose the Sun, and borrow'd this Taper's Light to guide my Steps.

(Damon and Alexis come forward.)

Damon. Chasté, beauteous Nymph, may Ceres grant your Wishes, as you determine ours.

Amar. Ceres has heard my Prayers: For all my Morning Orisons begg'd no more than one kind Word from *Damon.* *(Throws off her Veil.)*

Dam. *Amarillis!* *(Starting.)*

Alex. Springing Joys arise with that Name to poor *Alexis.*

Amar. Why started *Damon*, as if he had met his mortal Foe?

Dam. In thy sight a Thousand Vipers sting my Soul.

Alex.

Alex. As many Joys crown mine.

Dam. Wou'd I had met this Morning infectious Vapours,
nursing Plagues, instead of thee. No Curse but this had
Power to ruine me.

Alex. Tis the Blessing that must preserve my Peace.

Amar. What can this mean? Oh, *Damon*! how have
I offended you? *Ceres* knows, my only Study is to please
my *Damon*.

Dam. Oh, my Torture! Fly hence to Hell; there
hide thy Head lower than Darknes. Wou'd thou hadst
been acting Incest, Murder, Witchcraft when thou cam'st
to pray: Thou hadst in any thing sinn'd less than in this
Devotion.

Amar. Can it be a Sin to pray for *Damon*?

Dam. Oh! thou hadst bless'd me, hadst thou sat this
fatal Morning in some dark Cell, loading my Head with
Curfes.

Amar. Let me understand you.

Alex. I'll instruct you. Take this Paper, Pen and
Ink.

Dam. I'll not stand to her Award: She's a partial
Judge, and will deny me Justice.

Amar. Not do my *Damon* Justice! What is it, *A-*
lexis?

Alex. You are to pass your Censure, being the first
Nymph we have met this Morning, which of us two must
have the fair *Clarinda*. Write your Award: Our mu-
tual Oaths do bind us not to deny it.

Dam. 'Tis a Plot; a meer Contrivance betwixt this
curs'd Nymph and you.

Alex. *Damon*, you wrong us both.

Dam. I see I am betray'd. By *Ceres*, I'll not stand to
what she writes. I appeal from her unjust Sentence.

Alex.

Alex. I'll fetch *Clorinda*; she shall force you to the Tryal. *(Exit.)*

Dam. Confusion! Death! I'm undone! Take that to stop thy Course. *(Flings his Javelin after him. Amar-ryllis runs between, and receives it in her Breast.)*

Amar. Oh! hold.

Dam. Ha! what have I done?

Amar. Welcome Death. From thy Hand the fatal Gift is welcome. But haste, fly hence, thou hast shed Blood in the sacred Vale. Quick, be gone, or thou art lost for ever.

Dam. I hope the Wound is not mortal: I'll haste and send thee help. *(Exit.)*

Amar. What was it he said last? But I will write before my Life decay: And this Crimson stream shall be my Ink. Haste, my Hand; move quick, as do's my Blood, or I shall faint ere I have done.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. Hi ho! how early has *Clorinda* call'd me up this Morning, and sent me here to see how her Lovers bear their Sentence.

Amar. My Blood congeals within my Quill: I can write no more. Who's here, *Dorylas*? carry this Letter to *Clorinda*.

Dor. Oh, *Ceres*, how pale you look!

Amar. Tell her, not being able longer to sustain my Grievs, I sought a Remedy from my own Spear. Health to her and *Damon*.

G

Dor.

Dor. Oh, she's a dying ! See how her Blood has stain'd the Holy Vale ! I am frighted so, my Legs will hardly bear me to my Mistress. (Ex.)

Amar. Whither my Journey now will lead me, thro' what dark hideous place, amongst what Monsters, Hags, and snaky Furies I am to go, I know not. But my Life has been so spotless, chaste and innocent, my Death so undeserv'd, I cannot fear the future State.

Enter Claius.

Cla. *Amintas* is fled to find his fair *Urania*. Thanks, you ever-gracious Powers, that I have wrought his Cure. Now cou'd I but see my *Amaryllis*, I shou'd content again to return into my Exile.

Amar. Who names a Nymph so wretched as *Amaryllis* ?

Cla. Art thou the Virgin ? Oh speak ! what Hand, what barbarous Tiger, what inhumane Savage had the Marble Heart to wound so sweet a Nymph ?

Amar. Oh, Sir, my Blood calls none but Fortune guilty : I chanced to stumble on my own Dart, and hurt my self.

(*Applies something to the Wound.*)

Cla. Then I have Herbs, that will cure it. Heaven, once more I thank thee. Ha ! still the Blood flows like a scarlet Torrent. Speak, *Amaryllis*, who did this Act ? Upon whose Soul this Blood writes Murder ? For till you see the Wretch that gave the Wound, all hope in Physick is Despair. She will not speak. I have a Cordial here will keep her Spirits up till the last drop is exhausted. Oh, *Ceres*, if there be any in these Groves, Men, Virgins, Birds, Beasts, or Trees, or any thing detesting this horrid Fact, reveal it. Sacred Grass, whose hallow'd Green
this

this bloody Deed has stain'd; ask Nature for a Tongue to name the Murderer.

Enter Adrastus, and other Priests and Swains.

Adrast. What Voice of Sorrow disturbs our pious Or-gies?

1st Priest. See, *Adrastus*, a Virgin all in Goar!

Adrast. *Ceres* defend us! The sacred Valley is prophan'd; the place so dear to *Ceres* defil'd with Blood. By *Ceres*, and her Holy Altar, he that did the Fact, shall by his own Blood satisfy the Goddess's Anger.

Cla. I durst presume upon the Power of Art, if she wou'd name the Murderer.

Amar. My self: And therefore in my Death your Law is satisfied; the Blood and Art both mine.

Cla. It is not so. For had it been thy own Hand, my Skill cou'd have preserv'd and stopp'd that Torrent. I charge thee by that Duty thou ow'st to me, *Amaryllis*, to me, who gave thee Life.

Adrast. Ha!

Cla. And by that Womb that bear thee; by thy dead Mother, *Silvia*.

Adrast. Hear you that? (To the Priests.)

Cla. Do not conceal the Murderer. 'Tis thy Father, thy Father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee, by these Gray Hairs, to tell me. I am *Claius*.

Adrast. *Ceres*, I thank thee.

Cla. Ay, glut your Hate, *Adrastus*. I too long have stood, like some ill-fated Oak, at which great *Jove* has level'd all his Thunder: My Boughs long since were blasted and withered: Now let the Trunk fall too; and let *Ceres* Wrath here end in me.

Adrast. Bless'd be our Goddess! Rejoice, *Sicilians*:
Crown all your Brows with Roses; adore the Deity that
sent him. He's come, whose Blood must quench *Ceres*
Ire, and kindle auspicious Flames of Love in every
Breast.

Amar. Wretched *Amaryllis*! Fatal to both my Pa-
rents; my Birth destroy'd my Mother, and my Death
my Father. Ha! *Damon* comes. His Absence was never
with'd till now.

Enter Damon.

Dam. Conscience, Honour, Terror, brings me back.
The Feet of Guilt move slow: We cannot fly from what
we bear about us.

Cla. Ha! The Murderer is in the place: Her Blood is
stopt on the sudden. Cruel Man! 'tis thou art guilty.
Adrastus, I ask the Justice of *Sicilian* Laws against the
Murderer.

Adrast. 'Tis your Hate and old Revenge, directs you
to point out my Son. Speak, Virgin, was it he?

Amar. Oh! I am angry with my Blood for ceasing:
This Coward Ebb, against my Will, betrays me. The
Stream is turn'd; my Eyes run fastest now.

Adrast. Can you accuse my Son?

Amar. By *Ceres*, no; I have no Heart to do it. Oh,
Father, behold that Youth! Looks he like a Murderer?
Could he wrong a Virgin? If he did wound me, 'twas
only from his Eyes. Where Love's blind, God sends
forth continual Arrows. He knows I always lov'd him;
And could he, think you, wound me thus? 'Tis barba-
rous to imagine it.

Cla.

Cla. In his Looks he carries Guilt : Shame and Confusion keep him silent.

Amar. No, no : 'Tis his bashful modest Nature confines his Tongue. Think you the bright Rose that buds within his Cheek, was planted there by Guilt or Shame ? No, no : He has ever been so unacquainted with all Crimes, that but to be suspected strikes him Dumb. By *Ceres* (I think my Oath is lawful) 'twas I my self was cause of this.

Enter Clorinda, Alexis, and Dorylas.

Clo. Oh, ungrateful Man ! The Woolf that does devour the Breast that nurs'd it, is not half so cruel. Wicked, wicked *Damon*, hear, hear this Letter, the eternal Witness of Affection, that ought in *Cupid's* Annals to be writ in Golden Characters : This will convince thee of thy black Ingratitude. (reads.)

Clorinda, you have put it upon me to chuse a Husband for you : And I will prove my self an Impartial Judge.

" *Alexis much deserves, but Damon more :*

" *I give you him I wish'd my self before.*

Writ in her own Blood.

Oh, my fair Friend ! was this my fatal Kindness ?

Alex. And did I haste to bring her here, for this ? Oh, curst Minute ! all my Hopes are blasted.

Dam. Writ in her Blood ! Oh, let me kiss my Bill of Accusation. Here my Name looks like my Soul, all Crimson. Here all my Vertue lies intomb'd : And thou, Sacred Grove, art Witness of my Guilt.

Clor.

Clar. Know, Murderer, I hate thy Bed and thee.
Alexis was still my secret Choice; for thee I only
 had a Friendship, which now is turn'd to mortal
 Hatred.

Alex. Oh, you Immortal Powers, am I so blest!

Am. Nay, *Clorinda*, you bound your self to stand to
 my Award. Believe him not guilty; but accept his
 Love.

Clo. Never: He is all Falshood and Ingrati-
 tude.

Dam. Gentle *Clorinda*, spare this harsh Language:
 For were you fair as Immortal Beings; and did your
 Face out-shine an Angels, here wou'd I make my Choice.
 Her Vertue now moves a more noble Flame within my
 Breast than e'er your Beauty did: Her Soul do's charm
 me more than did thy Face. I do confess the horrid
 Deed. But oh! the Blow was ne'er design'd for thee.
 Here, lead me to Death, ye Holy Men. Fair *Amaryllis*, I
 go to write the Story of my Repentance in the same Ink
 thou wrotest the Legend of thy Love.

Adrast. Summon the Nymphs and Shepherds to appear;
 for here in *Ceres* Temple shall this Sacrifice be made.
 And though the Gods have doom'd my Son, yet will
 I rejoice, since *Claius* falls, and with his Blood re-
 deems *Sicily* from all her Woes.

(*They bind Claius and Damon.*)

Dam. Oh, *Amaryllis*! take my last Vows, tho' paid
 too late; none e're deserv'd like thee.

Amar. Oh wretched, wretched Nymph! Why did
 your powerful Art proceed to stop my Blood, only to
 let it flow, with double Pain from my sad Heart?
 Now I loose all; my Father, *Damon* just become a
 Lover:

Lover : But at the sight I'll tear my Wounds until they bleed afresh, and die together.

(*Ex. into the Temple all but Clorinda, Alexis and Dorylas.*)

Alex. Oh, my *Clorinda* ! e're the sad Scene of Death begin, let me express my Joy-----Was I in thy Heart then destin'd for the happy Man ?

Clor. Now cou'd I find in my Heart to deny it again, but that this is no time for jesting.

Alex. Here let me seal my Vows for ever.

(*Kisses her Hand.*)

Clor. And will you prove very constant now ?

Alex. As the returning Sun, the fixt Stars, or the Needle to its Pole.

Clor. Or. Turtles to their Mates, &c.

Enter Menalcus.

Menal. Is this a time for amorous Dalliance, rash Youth, and fond *Clorinda* ? To the Temple haste, and there behold the bloody Sacrifice, that will surely chill your idle Flames, and teach your Eyes to flow.

Omnes. We attend you, Sir.

Menal. See *Amintas* and *Urania* comes. Follow all, ye hapless Lovers.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter

Enter Amintas and Urania.

Amint. Away, *Urania*, perswade me not, for I will see him.—What! my Father, who restor'd me to my Senses, who gave me back to thee. I wish again those Senses lost, since now they serve only to lament. Yes, I will weep: My Tears will not pollute the hallow'd Shrine. Oh, wretched Children! Oh, most unhappy Parents!

Uran. Oh miserable me! my Brother too must die. But Oh! my Thoughts of him are buried all in thy sad Griefs. And did I rejoice for this, to see thy Health restor'd, thy Wisdom take its former Seat, and yet no Peace ensue?

Amint. Come, *Urania*, let's enter here, and try if Life will hold to see the dreadful Fury of the Goddess.

The

The Scene draws, and discovers the inside of the Temple of Ceres, with Fire on the Altar, and Adrastus with a Sacrificing Knife, and another Priest pouring Water on Claius's Head, who is bound with Damon also.

Adrast. Oh, *Sicilians!* Nature and Religion contend within my Breast, betwixt my Goddess and my Son. Awful Goddess, for whom we feed the fattest of our Lambs, to whom we send the Holiest of our Prayers on the smoaky Wings of sweetest Myrrh, instruct thy doubtful *Flamine* — I am thy Priest, and so I will forget that *Damon* is my Son. Yet spare my Hand the Deed, and my sick Eyes the Sight. You need not pour Water upon his Head; I'll do it with my Tears. Now let the Sacred Song begin. My self will offer *Claius*; then retire, whilst you perform that Office on my Son.

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H Y M N
T O
C E R E S.

CERES, to whom we all things owe,
Who Corn and Oil, and Fruits bestow ;
Look down and bless this Pious Deed :
Tis by thy Laws these Victims bleed.
Oh ! let Claius Blood atone,
For all the Ills his Love has done.
Let it kindle Joy, and quench the Fire
Of thy too long incens'd Ire.

Chor. Look down, thou Goddess of our Isle,
And let thy glorious Image smile.

Look down, &c.

Enter

Enter Amintas.

Amint. Stay, stay that impious Hand, whose hasty Zeal thinks Murder can appease the Goddess's Ire. Do not pollute her Altar, least it keep the Purple Stain of Blood, and blush for ever.

Adrast. Avoid the Madman.

Amint. I am not mad. By the dread Altar, spare the guiltless Blood, and I'll expound the Oracle. What hope you from this Sacrifice? or why will this end our Misery, or make our Lovers happy? Stands not *Amaryllis* here pale and dying, and *Damon* ready for the fatal Stroke? And thy *Urania* is with me undone? Alas, you mistake the meaning of the Oracle; and this way brings but greater Troubles on.

Adrast. Thou speakest with seeming Sense: But what is this to the Wrath of *Ceres*, which cannot be appeased but by the Blood of *Claius*?

Amint. So it is.

Adrast. How can that be, whilst yet his Veins are full?

Amint. His Blood has been already shed in *Amaryllis*: That's the Sacrifice the Oracle decreed to still the furious Goddess: And her Blood has both quench'd and kindled Fire.

Adrast. What has it quench'd or kindled?

Amint. Love; the only Fire by those Words design'd: *Damon's* Love to his *Clorinda* is in that Blood extinguish'd, and is by that powerful Blood kindled to *Amaryllis*.

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He burns for her, his former Flames expire :
Thus *Claius* Blood has quench'd and kindled Fire.

Omnes. Amintas, Amintas, Amintas.

Adraft. Oh Youth Divine ! thy Words do bear a Sacred Truth. Unbind old *Claius*. But who can save my Son ?

Amint. *Damon* is free from Sacrilegious Guilt.

Adraft. How ! *Amintas* speak ! Thou that hast sav'd a Father, save a Child.

Amint. *Amaryllis's* Blood being the Sacrifice, ye all know, may lawfully be spilt, even in the Holy Vale. *Damon* is a Priest by Birth ; by that Title he might shed it. Speak, *Sicilians*, if you not judge this Interpretation right.

Omnes. Right, right, right ; *Amintas, Amintas, Amintas.*

Adraft. Unbind my Son. *Amintas*, thou hast now made full amends for *Melibæus's* Death. Here *Claius*, let the Hatred of our Houses end. *(They embrace.)*

Clai. A Shower of Joy falls from my Eyes.

Adraft. This is the Man, *Sicilians*, to whom ye owe your Liberty. Go, Virgins, and with Roses strew his way : Crown him with Violets and Lilly-Wreaths : Cut off your Tresses, and with them weave a Robe of Love.

Dam. Next, to *Amaryllis* your Devotion pay : The Balsom that heal'd your Woes flow'd from her rich Veins ; each Drop's a Ransom for a Prince.

Amar. I'm doubly paid ; Let other Virgins be Blest in their Love, as, *Damon*, I'm in thee.

Ménalc.

Menalc. Now, my *Clorinda*, take thy Wife, *Alexis*, she is thine.

Alex. Oh, happy Hour !

Clor. Well these old Mens Humours are as intricate as an Oracle. Last Night he charg'd me not to love; and now he has given me a Husband, without asking me whether I lik'd him or not.

Alex. My Life !

Clor. well, I am yours, but can't help vexing, to think that my Reign is at an end. A Lover is a pretty thing, whilst we can keep him, like a Shittle-cock, continually in play; but let him fall into the Marriage-State once, and then the airy Game ends.

Dor. I am glad we shall have a Wedding at last.

Amint. Still my impossible Dowry leaves me unfortunate in the midst of Joy. Oh, my *Urania* ! in all this bless'd Isle, we are the only wretched Pair.

Adrast. Come, Shepherds, come, and dedicate this Day to Mirth and *Ceres*.

Uran. Stay-Sacred Priest of *Ceres*, and all this glad Assembly, stay.

Adrast. What means my Daughter:

Uran. Since me alone the Goddess dooms never to be bless'd in Love, before the Holy Altar here; I'll vow my self her Virgin; and you, my Father, shall confirm it.

Amint. Oh, most unjust *Urania* ! must I lose you ever ? The Goddess cannot mean such Cruelty. Could I for others interpret her mystick Sense, and explain her dark Decrees, yet when I want it most my self, the Sacred Knowledge flies me ?

Uran.

Uran. Father, draw near: And thou, great *Ceres*, lend a gracious hearing.

Adrast. To deny thy Wish, wou'd again offend our Goddess.

Uran. Thou Queen of Plenty, whose full Horn replenishes the World, accept me for thy Virgin. 'Tis thy Pleasure, by whom the Earth and every thing grows fruitful, to have me ever barren. Thy impossible Dowry denies me for *Amintas's* Bride; therefore that cold chaste Snow, that never shou'd have melted but in his Arms, I vow unto thy Cloister, awful Goddess. Almighty *Ceres*, is not this Life Holy? *(Eccho. Folly.*

Uran. Be judge, ye Woods, and let *Amintas* speak.

(Eccho. Amintas speak.

Adrast. Ha! the Goddess is well pleas'd; she deigns to answer by gracious *Eccho*. Go, *Amintas*, speak.

Amint. She will not answer me. No, it was the Musick of *Urania's* Voice, whose Heavenly Accents, with such charming Notes, ravish the Goddess Ears. She cou'd not choose but bear a Part in the Harmonious Song. Nor will she now endure to hear *Amintas* speak.

(Eccho. Amintas speak.

Amint. How shall I pay the Dowry which you ask me?

(Eccho. Ask me?

Amint. I ask thee to explain thy Dowry, to be made a Husband.

(Eccho. A Husband.

Amint. A Husband, *Ceres*, is that the Guess?

Amint. That which I have not, may not, cannot have: I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband. 'Tis true, I am a Man: Nor wou'd I change my Sex to be the Empress of the World. *Urania*, take thy Dowry, 'tis my self. A Husband!

Omnes. Happy *Amintas*!

Uran.

Uran. Oh! 'tis the happiest Dowry that e're my Ambitious Prayers cou'd beg. Love is the only Portion I can pay thee back ; and all my Stock is thine.

Amint. Shou'd greatest Queens wooe me in all their Pride, and make me offers of their different Crowns, I wou'd refuse them all for thee. Thanks, *Ceres*, thou hast made us both be blest.

Adrast. Auspicious Omen! Our Troubles now shall be no more.

Cai. Adrastus, methinks we now grow young again ; and like two Trees robb'd of their leafy Bows by Winter's Age, and *Boreas's* keener Blast, sprout forth and bud anew. This Spring of Joy cuts forty Years away from the Gray-hair'd Season.

(They come forward, and the Temple shuts.)

Adrast. Come, all ye Shepherds, with your Pipes and Henceforth let this be kept a Holyday. *(play :*

Songs and Dances.

Amint. Let Peace and Plenty in our Isle abound ; And every vertuous Lover's Wish be crown'd.



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